

35⁰⁰

SMILES AND TEARS OF FOREIGN WAR



By Don A. Wyckoff

THE
PUBLISHERS
OF
THE
BOOK

Smiles and Tears of Foreign War

By Don A. Wyckoff

Copyright, 1919, by Don A. Wyckoff

Printed by
HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE
LAMONI, IOWA

THE TRAINING CAMP

When Uncle Sam joined in the war
He made a mighty draft;
The selective, as they called it;
'Twas made in my behalf.

I was a lucky bird, you know,
Drew a lucky number;
'Twas like Yankee Doodle Doo—
Went to town on lumber.

And by and by, when the time came,
We called at the courthouse;
Well, there was no trial on at all—
Remove your shirt and blouse.

They examined our ears and eyes,
Then examined our feet.
They weighed us and calculated
Just how much we could eat.

They ran us through mighty lively,
All the good feeding class;
They knew we could eat anything
From Huns to bits of glass.

While some had grounds of exemption,
Some physically unfit,
And some cried their little eyes out
Before the draft had hit.

As for myself I was quite glad
That I could pass exam,
For I never was worth a cuss—
They took me as I am.

Then in the course of a few days
I got a little slip;
It said, "Be ready any time
To take a little trip."

Well now I was as ready then,
As I would ever be;
I didn't know what the camp was like
Much less of Germany.

So one afternoon they called us
To come to old Mount Ayr;
There wasn't very many of us,
Just six of us were there.

We took the early morning train—
I felt myself real queer—
'Twas for me a new beginning,
Friends seemed to me real dear.

In fact, I guess I lingered long,
Too long for my own good,
For when I clutched onto the train
'Twas air there where I stood,

But by and by my feet caught up
With where my hand did clutch;
I said right then unto myself,
“Now don't that beat the Dutch?” -

When we got into the station,
That is at old Des Moines,
Well, it wasn't yet so very late,
But we'd have liked surloins.

About two o'clock we landed
In our new home to dwell;
There were very few that liked it,
And I didn't think it swell.

And we went straggling up the street,
Our comfort kits in hand,
Soldiers at the mustering place
Made us to feel our brand.

They ran us through that station there
To our future places;
They've mustered many men in there,
Men of all the races.

Well, after being mustered in,
We went at our new work.
Although the work was new to us,
It's best that you not shirk.

First they issued out the mess kits,
With the knives, forks, and spoons;
Yes, the canteen cup was issued,
From which we drank for moons.

I ate the first meal out at camp,
Goodness, that tasted good;
It was late in the afternoon—
One reason why it should.

The dinner consisted chiefly
Of biscuits and of hash,
Although I thought it mighty good,
I'd heard of army trash.

I shall never forget that meal,
Within that mess hall there,
For everything was nice and clean
Although the tables bare.

The tables were made of lumber,
With benches 'long the side,
And some of those were sort of rough—
It's best that one don't slide.

Well, after dinner that first day
They issued us more things;
They issued us empty bed sacks
For cots with springy springs.

And they also issued blankets,
Wearing apparel, too,
Enough of such conveniences
So as to pull us through.

With such a few originals,
The first per cent to go,
We had lots of policing up—
We rambled to and fro.

That first day in the evening
I helped to peel the spuds,
After which I scrubbed the floors
With soap that would not suds.

Next day I had a better job,
'Twas scrubbing the latrine,
And the boys who've scrubbed as I scrubbed
Will know just what I mean.

I've gone too fast with my story
So I must meditate,
But after supper the first night
They worked us till quite late.

There had been few preparations,
As we were first to go,
And they kept us busy working
Or sign right here below.

Well, after everything was through
And army chores were done,
Which consisted of K. P. mostly,
Preparing for the Hun.

We were lined up with our bed sacks,
Marched for about a mile,
Told quite frequently to hurry—
'Twas raining all the while.

We lugged our ticks to the barracks—
The night was dark outside—
There wasn't neighbor Jones to help us,
No one with which to ride,

And it was ten o'clock that night
When we got into our bed.
Well, the performance of that day
Filled us with future dread.

Had put in sixteen hours per day,
On farms we knew so well,
But doing it in the army
We could not live to tell.

But after that 'twas shorter hours,
Fatiguing still remained,
And I sure got my fill of that,
For I was much untrained.

If you are not aware of that,
Just ask the boys who know,
They'll be mighty glad to tell you
It's absolutely so.

Yes, I was the most awkward guy
Who ever tried to step;
If the boys had plowed corn with me
They'd had more farmer pep.

They didn't seem to appreciate
Those graceful strides I took,
And so when I would be marching
They'd just stand by and look.

When it came to getting bawlings,
I had the whole world beat;
They would bawl me on the drill fields,
They'd bawl me on the street.

Sometimes I'd run the average
To forty times or more,
Although no matter how I tried
I'd do just like before.

Finally got so I could step
In cadence most the time,
And then they brought the rifles out,
So I sure had a time.

I ne'er could bring that rifle up
As was prescribed by rules—
The army has a funny way
Of handling U. S. tools.

Well, they gave us all the marchings
Of the close order drill;
There was marching in valley
And marching on the hill.

But at first we learned the facings,
Right, left, and about face;
We all had to learn those items,
E'en to the colored race.

And then we had both the dressings,
The right and left, you know,
Were combined with the squad movements—
It made a pretty show.

We had the bayonet practice,
My lands, I hate that truck,
But had we confronted the Huns
They could but trust to luck.

There also was the Semaphore,
Messages sent by flags,
We talked with them of the weather
And of the grassy crags.

The Wig Wag was quite similar;
You only used one flag,
And when it wasn't wiggy waggy
'Twas bound to be a wag.

Yes, the buzzer was another means
Of talking without voice;
You could buzz or be buzzed at
As happened to be your choice.

Well, excuse me for a moment,
Again I will turn back;
Theres some of the history waiting
Upon the old side track.

I'd forgotten about the load
Of relics left out there,
Though it's the very thing that caused
So many men despair.

Well, it is the vaccination
Of which I'm doomed to speak,
Though it was the situation
Made some of us feel weak.

The vaccination did not hurt,
The air was sort of thick,
And it made me feel real dizzy,
Though I really wasn't sick.

Our arms got sore and felt real bad,
Our patience felt much worse,
And if you'd strained your ears a bit
You might have heard some curse.

But while we're reconnoitering
And taking up the lost,
We might as well weigh balances
And figure up the cost.

When we began our new career
We had lectures as well,
They told us of the means in which
To live our lives and dwell.

They told us of the court martials
The army has in store,
Especially those most severe
For men in time of war.

About the one asleep on post,
A thing you must not do,
For when you are caught you're finished,
At least your chance is blue.

But we'll wander to the campus,
The boys are playing ball;
There is our old friend Westerman,
The biggest boy of all.

How I would like to speak a word
For everyone of them,
But that lump rises in my throat,
Big as a graham gem.

So will try to console the boys
By writing merely facts,
And tell them never to forget
Our days of guns and packs.

As those days are quite dear to us,
More dear than we e'er thought,
I think it a lasting friendship
That ne'er will be forgot.

But I was telling of the camps
And the maneuvers there,
To tell the truth they are many,
They are, I do declare.

We had position exercise,
Toughened up our shoulder,
For when we fired that old end field
'Twas high time to hold her.

Before we shot out at the range
We aimed across tripods,
'Twas to get the way of sighting
Along those old iron rods.

We shot from all positions there,
Prone, kneeling, and upright,
And when I would miss the target
That was my oversight.

I missed the target quite often,
My bull's eyes were quite few,
Although I made an average
It would but scarcely do.

Well, we shot at short distances
And at long range as well,
But shooting at six hundred yards
The red flags waved a spell.

For when one misses the target
Those flags are sure to wave,
And so they are not enticing,
But make one to look grave.

But now we'll come to the gas mask,
Helpful little machine,
Although it hangs around your neck
And pulls upon your spleen.

'Tis a curious contraption
The canister and all,
If it wasn't for its helpfulness
The gas would be a wall.

It's lots of fun a-practicing
Putting on the muzzle;
Just put your chin way out in front,
That is half the puzzle.

And it is very difficult
To breathe, sometimes, when hot,
And you feel almost like dropping—
Expiring on the spot.

Well, we went through the gas chamber,
We wore our masks while there,
And they kept us from inhaling
The gas upon the air.

We made three trips through the chamber,
First 'twas dangerous gas;
The second was not dangerous,
But the tears, oh, alas!

Yes, the second was called tear gas;
'Twas made to make one cry.
The dog followed us in that time,
He acted queer, but why!

We made the third trip through the place,
Our masks removed that time,
The tears that flowed from out our eyes
Were big as any dime.

That finishes up the gas mask
As far as I can tell,
But the man that invented gas,
I do not wish him well.

I haven't spoken of the guard duty—
Many times I've walked post,
Saluted all the officers
Who walked among the host.

I've walked those posts on long, cold nights;
I've walked them through the snow;
I've walked them in the bitter cold,
When thirty-two below.

But the greatest inconvenience
Was being waked at night;
It made you feel more than ever
Like fighting for the right.

We had our lunches while on guard,
We ate them through the night;
No wonder we could sleep so sound,
Those lunches were so light.

And then we had some little hikes—
We thought them large ones then—
Though they were real appetizing,
See what they might have been.

We hiked one day some five miles out,
'Twas in the afternoon,
We arrived there perspiring some,
And some were wont to swoon.

We made our camp within the wood,
Our pup tents stretched together,
We made our bunks upon the ground—
Pillows made of weather.

We broke that camp next afternoon
And journeyed back to Dodge;
Well, the barracks looked quite welcome
E'en to the small garage.

Another time we hiked at night,
And just wound round and round;
We never stopped till we got back
Or we would ne'er been found.

Went for another hike one day,
Took onions, spuds, and meat;
And every man cooked his own chow,
As much as he could eat.

We hiked some more that afternoon,
Cooked our little suppers;
We bought some eggs at a farmhouse,
Put us on our uppers.

That was the hottest day I believe
That I have ever saw;
Other batteries had their men
Lying in every draw.

We never had but two fall out,
They stayed until they dropped,
The T. M. B.'s were stepping out
To stay till they were stopped.

Started back about ten o'clock,
The fore part of the night,
And although our packs were heavy
Our little hearts were light.

Guess I've touched on most the subjects,
I think I have, I mean,
When I come to think about it
There was the old canteen.

Though we didn't run it very long
It was a big affair.
Working there when vaccinated
Would almost cause despair.

And then there were the horses, too,
When they were mobilized—
'Twas a relief to most the men
When we were motorized.

The horses then were all turned back
But one, a suicide;
He broke his neck within the shed,
And that is why he died.

This finishes up the training camp
Except the mumps I had;
They didn't amount to very much,
Although my face looked bad.

This puts us through the training days
Until we were entrained;
Although we went across to France
Memories have remained.

TRIP TO FRANCE

To all those whom it may concern,
And to those who care to know,
I will write for each and every one,
A few gathered lines below.

I'm in hopes this finds you well,
As I am very sure it will,
And now as to my long, long trip,
A little black ink I'll spill.

Well, we left the camp in August,
Something o'er a month ago,
And rode three days across the States
To where the deep waters flow.

Traveling in the United States
Certainly was paradise,
But traveling over yonder,
Sometimes, is not very nice.

We left our previous training camp,
As I have related before,
And rode the United States railway
Clear to the far eastern shore.

The crops within the States were good,
Although Iowa's the best,
For Illinois we never saw,
For in fact we were at rest.

We woke up in the morning,
Upon Indiana soil;
And we saw where the railsplitters
Had expired among their toil.

We alighted from the troop train,
And it was left upon the track;
And there a woman stood and kept
All the fords and autos back.

And then we exercised our limbs,
To say nothing of our feet.
Oh, yes, we sang a little song
With voices very shrill and sweet.

And the people cheered in turn,
With voices very much the same;
And we were truthfully glad that we
Had had time to stretch our frame.

And then we scrambled in the train
Which began to eat the rail,
The same took us to Ohio
And we bathed where large ships sail.

Then we went on into Cleveland
Where the Red Cross fed us pie;
They waved us all a last adieu
As the train was passing by.

We passed into Pennsylvania,
That State you cannot surmise,
Where the people live and die
As mountains fall and rise.

And New York is very much like it
In a thousand different ways,
As the pines grow on the hill tops
And the people in the sways.

But in the State of New Jersey,
That is, the portion we've seen,
Consists of very fertile valleys,
And the fields were nice and green.

But to speak of New York City—
Traffic is so very great,
The people travel underneath
And so leave the top for freight.

Then we went across to Camp Mills,
To that place of long renown,
Where one went to bed a-sweating
Though he waked up all cooled down.

And we stayed there almost a week,
The airplanes buzzing around,
But when we boarded the ship
It was to change the engine's sound.

And so when we boarded the ship
Surely the fishes fared quite well,
For volunteers were plentiful
And so business went pell-mell.

Now there seemed much competition
Between the small and great,
And when I would open my mouth
I would lose all I had ate.

At last one day we sighted land
And that was a glorious sight,
To see the land on either side
With the fields a shining bright.

And we pulled into a harbor—
It was way up in the night
So there we stayed until next day—
Stayed till everything was right.

So then we landed in that place
And there took an eight-mile hike,
And though we hiked it all afoot
All the natives rode a bike.

The scenery there was simply great
Throughout the hedges, trees, and all.
There were flowers within each yard,
And vines upon each wall.

We resided there a few days,
There within that camp inwalled,
But we went for several hikes
And so we really were not stalled.

But then we left that camp quite early
On a fair and cloudless morn,
And rode across a foreign land
Where they raise no swine or corn.

And all the houses along the road
Are either thatched or slated roofed;
And then although they have some horses
Most animals are cloven hoofed.

Street cars are double-decked and shorter
Than the ones we have at home,
And so the rich man rides below
With the poor guy in the dome.

Coming to our destination
We emerged from out the train
And we arrived in another camp
After hiking it through the rain.

Although we were only there one night
Next day we boarded the ship
Which bore us on our journey
That helped to finish our trip.

And there and then we found ourselves
 In a far more foreign land;
We journeyed across the place
 In cars we could run by hand.

And we were then in a village
 Where all the buildings were old,
And the animals and people
 All resided in one fold.

ENGLAND

England is real beautiful,
The garden of the world.
It stands out in its splendor,
Vines and flowers unfurled.

It is the prettiest place
I've ever looked upon,
Where many generations
Have lived though dead and gone.

I was simply mystified
By quaintness over there,
The holly and the ivy
Sure made a picture rare.

There are no words to express
The beauty of that place,
Although I liked that country
Far better than the race.

People were indifferent,
At least it seemed to me,
They thought that we were fighting
Just for their dignity.

But I might as well tell you
Of homes in which they dwell,
I know naught of the inside
The outside is quite swell.

You have read in books of places
Such as Gladvale or Vin
But I never thought them real
Though now I know they've been.

Just hundreds of such estates
Are scattered round about,
And the rich man lives within
The tenant lives without.

Either homes of the tenant
Or the homes of the lord
Are alike with the hedges
Which they can all afford.

To begin with in that land,
The people live apart,
Not living with the oxen
Or with the oxen cart.

Houses there are neat and trim,
The walls are made of brick,
Roofs are mostly made of slate
Which makes them all look slick.

Houses are two stories high,
Most all of them at least,
Not like the structures in France
Which are for man and beast.

Those homes are real neat and nice,
The nicest thing of all
Are flowers within the yard
And vines upon the wall.

Those vines cluster round those homes,
Some walls are hidden there,
With only doors and windows
Open to light and air.

We hiked along the highways
Which cross and intercross
As to just what road to take
It left us at a loss.

Roads are of the winding kind
And run out every way,
Past the farms and down the street
To where the children play.

They run past those big estates,
Angling o'er the prairie,
There're roads that go toward London;
Some go towards Canterbury.

Along those rocken highways
Many trees are planted,
In hedges by the roadside
Songs of birds are chanted.

The whole affair thrilled my soul,
Its vines and hedges galore,
The flowers within the yards
I surely did adore.

One day we saw an abbey;
They claimed six hundred years
Had its walls been standing there
Mid England's joys and fears.

It didn't look so very old,
In fact 'tis still in use,
Ivy clinging to its walls
With clutch one could not loose.

And just across the highway
There stood a chapel old,
Where many people worshiped
Before these days of gold.

We were ushered through the gate,
By Bishop Jones, I think,
He didn't introduce himself,
He was a mystic link.

He showed us about the church,
Their ways of worship there,
Old contribution boxes
Are something very rare.

The seats were fixed different
From all I've seen before,
With small doors to enter pews
And footstools on the floor.

With up in front the pulpit,
The choir sat in the rear,
That's the way it looked to me
I might be wrong I fear.

They had an old pipe organ
Of which the Bible speaks.
I would have liked to heard it
I'm great for old-time freaks.

Old time persons buried there,
Their graves lie in the wall,
Their epitaphs can be read
Of persons large or small.

That church was dedicated—
Yet can we realize—
Some four hundred years before
Columbus found his prize.

Don't misunderstand me, friends,
'Tis repaired now and then,
The bell they had at that time
May never ring again.

And so it has been transformed
As scores of years pass by,
And if those first walls could speak
Quite few would make reply.

I noticed in the churchyard
As we came filing out
The yard was quite full of graves
The whole church round about.

I noticed on one tombstone
A very ancient date;
I just had time to catch it
While passing out the gate.

T'was in the fifteen hundreds
Though older stones are there.
I'd have liked to had more time
I would I do declare.

I've told you of the houses,
The vines and all those things,
All those things that make their home
And hold its mystic strings.

But we'll journey down the street,
Along the street car line,
To see street cars bobbing up
Along the small incline.

Those cars are short and stubby
And are two stories high.
They look sort of top heavy
As they go bobbing by.

Horses there are mostly large
And draw a heavy load;
They work them always single
You'll see them on the road.

They draw great heavy wagons,
Which are a load alone,
They're heavier than the ones
The U. S. farmers own.

I think that is about all,
Of things that cheered me most,
And will close my gentle thoughts
To sleep among the host.

FRANCE

When I left off with our travels
I had told you where we were,
But I ne'er explained the customs
Of that village and its whirr.

Or had I told you very fully
Of the buildings and the stock
As combined with all those people
Ancient as the oldest rock?

As to the trees within that country,
People surely take more pride
In the keeping of their woodlands
Than we on the U. S. side.

The fruit trees within that country
Are quite scarce, it seemed to me,
But the grapes within the vineyards
Have made up to a degree.

I'll try to explain the buildings
And inhabitants within,
But the subject for commencing
Makes me think and scratch my chin.

Now those buildings are made of rock,
And it surely took some time,
To lay all of those mortared walls
In a seasoning of lime.

Some buildings though built in a line
Like most buildings there are built;
Are joined by uneven angles
That are much like a crazy quilt,

And leaves those little offsets,
That are filled with various things,
Maybe the manure pile cherished,
Perhaps water from the springs.

Now that crude and antique structure
Starts in at the ground floor,
And ascends clear up to a deck,
Perhaps fifteen feet or more.

Now we would simply enter in,
In the place where I was stored,
Through a very large and arched doorway
That would admit most any Ford.

Now these huge and rocken doorways
Are inclosed with swinging doors,
These also contain a smaller one
For people doing chores.

We would walk into that building
Climb a ladder up to B,
Which consisted of a hay loft
Just above and over C.

And then up another ladder
Through a passage in the wall,
And which separated the house
From the stable and its all.

There I would rest in solid comfort
Just above the Frenchies' head,
And they would treat one very friendly
Though I knew not what was said.

I must finish up this building,
For I fear that it will rain,
And to be without a roofing
Would certainly cause us pain.

Well those roofs within that country
Mostly all are made of tile,
And all the bracings underneath
Will certainly last a while.

The henhouse is merely a box,
And within the barn installed,
A small opening being left
When the barn was being walled.

And through that tiny opening,
Which is merely a small hole,
The chicks are doomed to go each day
While assisted by a pole.

To continue with this building,
With this home for man and beast,
There is no living thing left out
From the largest to the least.

And there is room for everything
There along that angling line,
By the way, in a darkened shed
You will find the family swine.

And in the driveway of some barns
There will be an open shay,
Unlike the ones we have at home
In our little Iowa.

And the coupling pole is missing
Like our cutaways, it's made,
Although owing to its heaviness
We can lay it in the shade.

This vehicle is so very queer,
As queer as I've ever seen,
Well, it has a sort of hinged hood,
And it works much like a screen,

As it kept off the storm and cold
And protects one's chilling feet
The whole affair looked beautiful
Especially on the street.

The shafts work independently,
Or are neutral, I might say,
But like the Allies in this war,
They're both pulling the same way.

A lock is furnished for that shay,
With the blocks made for the wheels
A rod runs up beneath the seat
And there to a crank it yields.

And their farming tools are very few,
As quite plainly could be seen,
I saw one day upon the street
A Deering mowing machine.

A plow and harrow I saw there,
Although of very ancient make,
Those with a narrow wagon bed,
And they think that they are jake.

The people thrash within their barns,
Their machines are run by hand,
But their harvests aren't very large
With fields like a garden land.

Just in little patches to and fro,
Where the grain is sowed and reaped,
And then into the village brought,
There within the barns is heaped.

The dwelling part of that structure,
Where the house and barn is one,
Contains a sort of roomy fireplace,
The envy of the Turk and Hun.

But stoves are used within those places,
As fuel is as scarce as lead,
And branches bound in little bundles
Form the means by which it's fed.

The ground floors are mostly barren,
Little gates swing at the door,
And perhaps upon the outside,
Grapevines bear their fruit galore.

Walls within the house are plastered,
Great beams running overhead,
Resemble in their appearance
Ceilings of an old hay shed.

The windows swing on little hinges
Which open toward the room,
Upon that widened window sill
Some flowers may be in bloom,

Or it might be the family cat,
That would happen to be there,
Watching from out a sleepy eye
A canary in its snare.

The furnishings within those houses
Are quite often few and rare,
With a mantle stove and cupboard
And a chair strewn here and there.

Some other few necessities
That are helpful through their strife
And are handed down for ages,
A means to sustain their life.

This is the house and barn combined,
That of which you have been told,
Though some are built separately
Many are built in a double fold.

The outside of the house alone,
That is, all that I have seen,
To me it looked real neat and nice
And the grass was nice and green.

Some buildings are dreadfully old,
Some giving away with age,
If one only knew their history
He could write by the page.

There's cellars beneath those buildings,
Which have entrance from the street,
Those bleak and mossy cellarways
Make a large and safe retreat.

But now speaking of the buildings,
The church there appealed to me,
And reminds us of their struggles
In their days of tyranny.

Well, the church is braced by pillars,
And they stand from out the wall,
Where they help to brace the building
As it holds its all in all.

And engraved within the window
Is the image, Virgin Mary,
And in the belfry is the bell
Which rings o'er wood and prairie.

Upon the spire is a weather vane,
And then just below a clock,
Which indicates the hour and time
Best to feed and water stock.

And in the churchyard graves are strewn
With many stones and markers round;
Tells who they were and when they died
And, yes, where they may be found.

Those stones or markers are incased
In a sort of wire wreath,
Some have a little covering
With the wiring underneath.

O'er the country little statues
Have been erected here and there,
Which are old and mossy covered,
And in need of some repair.

And some stood out as a landmark
Upon most the roads we hiked,
But the ones beneath the shade trees
Were the ones that we most liked.

And the streets within that village
Are rocken as are the roads,
And over those rocken highways
The oxen pull many loads.

The yokes are fastened to the heads
Of the oxen in that place;
They think that beats our olden way
Of the shoulder yoke and trace.

Their horses are used in single file,
For they think that shafts are best,
And when the load is very light
Then one horse is left to rest.

Although when the load is heavy,
And so very hard to freight,
They then hitch in front another horse
Equivalent to the weight.

Their farms, as I have said before,
Are decided garden spots.
The people live in the village
And go forth to farm their plots.

Tobacco, spuds, and grain are grown,
With a pumpkin here and there,
And trees growing along the road
Where wild flowers scent the air.

And many brooks run through that place
Where geese go hither and hence,
And it passes many a bridge
Though very seldom a fence.

There are walls within that village,
And they run from street to street,
Though some of those are very low
Others rise to several feet.

Their stores are merely little shops
Of the combination kind,
And there you simply find and point
To the things you have in mind.

Wee wee, how much, and no compree
Are the things that come to hand,
But when you show those French notes
Then at once they understand.

Their wells are few, and fewer still
Are the ones that are in use,
Patiently upon the windlass
Many chains are hanging loose.

And though the curbings on those wells
Are just made of slabs of stone,
The well itself is rock walled
Like the ones our fathers own.

But in those people's modern day,
Most the wells are out of style,
And water from the springs does feed
Many fountains all the while.

And great washbasins made of stone
Are filled by the overflows,
And used by everyone to wash
Their dirty faces and their clothes.

The women do their washing there,
And seem very well content,
But if they knew the U. S. way
Then they surely would lament.

And it certainly did seem queer
To see them kneeling around
To wash their clothes upon a stone
Where a washboard can't be found.

And at those fountains morn and night
All the stock come forth to drink,
And from the way they scramble there
They must enjoy it, I think.

Cattle are herded through the day
By the women young and old,
Who knit all day and watch the herd
And then bring them to the fold.

The mayor of the town comes out
When something has happened new,
And yells and beats upon his drum
And makes an awful ado.

There's another thing that puzzles me,
People have a funny way,
Of working sleighbells on a horse
Regardless of any sleigh.

And when the people butcher there,
That is, when they butcher swine,
Well, they do it with a method
That's different from our line.

I only saw them butcher one,
But it looked to me quite queer,
And we all stood around and watched
Though we did not interfere.

Well, they stuck the poor old fellow,
And they caught it while he died,
All the blood that kept him living
While upon the living side.

And when he had totally expired,
All the life from him had gone,
The Frenchie built a little fire
And they laid him thereupon.

And they singed all the bristles off,
Off with little wisps of straw,
They singed him very nice and brown,
Then brought water from the draw.

And they washed and scraped him off
As the very best they could,
And when at last they had finished
Then their pork was very good.

In finishing up my story
There's one thing I most forgot,
So will stop and write about it
Right at once upon the spot.

So when you feel you are distressed,
And you sort of have the blues,
Don't think you are poorly dressed
But think of those wooden shoes.

Now those shoes were made for service,
And they surely stand the wear,
Although to wear them all one's life
Would certainly cause despair.

But they wear them from early morn
Till the hour for their repose,
As this covers most the subjects,
I believe that I will close.

OUR RETURN TRIP

Now of our return homeward trip
I shall write with throbbing brain,
And in France we rode in box cars,
But upon a U. S. train.

For all things looked quite inviting
With insignia U. S. A.,
Although it might be in box cars
While returning day by day.

We were loaded in those box cars
The capacity to fill,
And when I tramped upon Jim's feet
He would look at me quite ill.

And then many of them complained,
And claimed they hadn't room,
And they tried to drown our sunshine
With their cloudiness and gloom.

It was raining in the evening
When we loaded in the train,
And the pattering of rain drops
Made a lullabye refrain.

Then we went to bed, by gracious,
And how close we cuddled up,
You would think that we'd been drinking
From the same canteen and cup.

And we lived upon our rations—
Hardtack tasted mighty good—
The construction of those crackers,
Like Wilson, would need the wood.

Corned beef was appreciated,
And the boys were on the job;
When they attacked a can of beef
And there might have been a mob.

Pork and beans were quite consoling,
When we haped to get a can,
And we sat around consuming
With our beans upon a pan.

And we didn't do much fatiguing,
Though our appetites were great;
Our capacity was limited,
Although quite up to date.

Well, we continued on our journey,
And it rained from time to time;
And sometimes though simply pouring
The sun would be doomed to shine.

We continued on our journey,
With the shore to gain at last;
But owing to the traffic
Our progress wasn't very fast.

Although we traveled from the east
Clear out to the western side,
There's naught contained within that land
Could equal America's pride.

Though the pastures were nice and green,
The rain would come drizzling down;
And would make them seem more dreary
Than our fields of wintered brown.

At last we came to a rest camp,
And its name they called it Brest;
So what the privates couldn't do,
Then the noncoms did the rest.

They would fatigue us every day
From early morning until night,
But they didn't work us very hard
As they surely treat one white.

But the greatest difficulty
Was the drying of our clothes;
For all the moisture coming through,
Surely dampened up our hose.

Though it may seem to you quite queer,
We would wear them through the night;
They would dry out very nicely
In our blankets wrapped up tight.

But regardless of the muck
And the mud we wallowed through,
We very seldom caught a cold,
To say nothing of the flu.

We just simply lived with nature
In our little tents out there;
And quite many were the rainfalls
That would freshen up the air.

And standing in the mess line,
From quite early until late,
Was so very inconvenient,
Very far from up to date.

In mud we waited patiently,
Behind many hundreds there,
Who would rush into the mess hall
With their hunger to repair.

And the eats within those kitchens
Were quite often very slim,
With the slimy slum and coffee
All served by a waiter grim.

And we ambled through the runways,
Also through the kitchen, too,
So we ambled through more runways
To the mess hall with our stew.

We stood up within those mess halls,
Many times in mud we stood,
But regardless of surroundings
More slum would have tasted good.

But we simply ate our portion
And then ambled on our way,
For it kept us busy ambling
And fatiguing every day.

Now if you ever go to Brest
I think you had better be
A civilian in the suburbs,
For B-rest spells Brest, you see.

But now who put the rest in Brest
Is a thing I cannot tell,
For working there is bad enough,
Although resting would be h—l.

At last one day the word came in
That we were going to sail,
Although it proved to be the truth
It was like a fairy tale.

We rolled our packs very early,
Long before the light of day,
Through mud we hiked it to the docks,
Though real cheery was the way.

We loaded ourselves in a boat
That carried us from the shore,
And we left the mud behind us
Although many feet were sore.

But then very soon we sighted
Quite a large and shapely ship.
It was *Kaiser Wilhelm Second*
Minus Wilhelm on the trip.

When the Yankees took it over,
Why, they changed its little name;
They called it the *Agemnon*,
Though Wilhelm is not to blame.

But it is quite well constructed,
And of tremendous size;
The benefit it offers us
Can Wilhelm quite realize?

The ship had been renovated
Of the German fragments there,
And the compartments ventilated
So the Yankees breathed fresh air.

Regardless of convenience,
Though it seemed like paradise,
Seasickness is coming aboard
Regardless of any price.

But on my trip across to France—
Excuse me for butting in—
The ship was run by foreigners
And the crew were Chinamen.

I think that's enough to tell you
Of our trip and of our plight,
But they must have thought us kinsmen
And forgot that we were white.

Now just another little verse while
I intrude upon good things,
But my thoughts are leaping madly
And my anger often springs.

The foreigners who run that ship,
Although paid to feed white men,
But now for the way they fed us
We can lick the boobs again.

I'll return to the homeward trip
And think of all that is well,
Seasickness will come and go
Though it sure makes one feel swell.

While the feeding of the fishes
Was a great relief to me,
Just the very act of giving
All I'd ate to charity.

But aboard the *Agemnon*—
It was run by Uncle Sam,
And the chuck was appetizing
From the spuds up to the jam.

To the feeding of the fishes,
Going o'er I'd done right smart;
Just one day on board returning
Did I and charity take part.

Some of the boys were pretty sick,
Or, at least, they thought they were;
They would lay all day in their bunks
And would scarcely make a stir.

The greatest cure for those sick guys
Was the seeing of dry land,
And once again they reunite
With our happy little band.

Then we landed in Hoboken,
It was on a Sunday noon,
Liberty Statue left behind,
That would welcome others soon.

The Red Cross was quite liberal
With coffee, cakes, and candy;
It made our very souls to ring
With Yankee Doodle Dandy.

We loaded on a U. S. train,
En route to old Camp Merritt;
And so our very souls were thrilled,
We jabbered like a parrot.

A seat within a home-bound car
Never looked as good as those,
And so we just unslung our packs
While we sat down where we chose.

It certainly seemed very grand
Being home with Uncle Sam,
Where you could see U. S. houses,
Not big structures in a jamb.

Arriving at the railroad stop
We then hiked it into camp;
And they served a goodly supper
That well paid us for our tramp.

Camp Merritt is the nicest camp,
Perhaps I've ever seen,
The ground was frozen up and dry,
And the buildings painted green.

It has all the modern comforts
Of which a camp comprises,
There're canteens all, the Merritt hall,
And Y's of various sizes.

Well, we were there about five days,
And we took the cootie cure,
Although they had not prospered much
It was best that we be sure.

And they pressed our clothes up nicely
In the steam they put them through,
But when the presser tries his luck
It's best that you skidoo.

When we left this cheery place,
Well, we left behind some men,
But we left them with the feeling
Of a meeting once again.

They were sent to different camps
Where they would be mustered out,
And I wish them thrilling success
In the things they go about.

And then we went aboard the train
On the New York Central line,
It's the best road I ever saw,
And things went just simply fine.

Though we didn't leave till Friday,
In the afternoon quite late,
We certainly hit a liner
That put locals out of date.

We wound around the Hudson River
For quite a number of miles,
We were feeling quite light-hearted,
Very many were our smiles.

And we passed into the tunnels,
There along the river side;
Those tunnels are so very short
That a train could scarcely hide.

It was quite beautiful to see,
With the train a-winding round,
Clinging there to a bit of earth
Where a road bed could be found.

But where no road bed could be had,
Then a tunnel there must be,
So that traffic on the railroad
Competes with that upon the sea.

So then we passed along the lakes,
And how wet that water looked;
It made us all have remembrance
Of that food that was steam cooked.

We ate our supper on the train,
While they brought it down the aisle,
And we ate from out our mess kits,
Now, I claim that was some style.

We went to bed very early,
For to dedicate our berth,
As sleeping there's quite different
From sleeping on the earth.

We awoke up in the morning
In Ohio's gracious bounds,
Very many were the cities
To say nothing of the towns.

In Cleveland we stayed for a spell,
Where the Red Cross had supplies;
They bandaged up our appetites
With coffee, candy, and pies.

We got on the train and beat it,
While cheering the Red Cross there;
They've certainly got it coming,
For they're to all despair.

You have got to hand it to them,
For no matter where you are,
No matter what your trouble is
They're a bright and morning star.

We passed into Indiana,
Then on into Illinois,
To have gone through there in daylight
Would have been my joy of joys.

Crossing the bridge at Davenport,
I was wakened by the crowd;
Our boys who came from Davenport
Were certainly talking loud.

My bunkie also had awoke,
And we looked from out the train;
Well, we saw a couple of ladies,
And we saw them not in vain.

Well, we opened up the window,
And we shook them by the hand;
Just then the train went whizzing on
To a still more welcome land.

Well, Sunday morning we rolled in—
Rolled into Des Moines for fair,
Although just into the suburbs
For Camp Dodge we changed cars there.

Then we arrived in old Camp Dodge—
It was at the noonday hour—
And though we hiked it for a ways,
It was not so very far.

We were showed into a barrack,
And we quickly seized a cot,
Depositing packs upon them
Right at once upon the spot.

Then we lined up for our dinner,
And of course it was not much;
They said that we were not expected,
So they just had such and such.

And that week was the longest week
That I have ever put in,
For we were always sticking round
Just to do what might have been.

They kept us in a sort of trance
From the time we landed there;
Those birds who never saw a sea
Must have thought that we were rare.

Well, the days dragged on quite slowly
Until Friday, by the way,
At the theater that p. m.
We all sat and watched the play.

Well, the play was very, very good,
And interesting as well;
Part of it was not so snappy
Although other parts were swell.

But for something very common
All the water tricks were there,
When it came to fooling many,
For it looked like something rare.

And after the play was over
We all gathered out in front,
Where we waited for more orders
As concerning the next stunt.

We were released for half an hour
To meander where we might,
But we gathered on the corner
Just as it was coming night.

Yes, we gathered there in column
And we marched on up the street,
Where we turned around a corner
In an entrance made retreat.

Through the doors of the Des Moines Club,
Where a private ne'er had trod,
Although we were all admitted
From clod hopper to the clod.

We spent a joyful evening there,
Our last to be together,
There were old rookies like myself,
And birds of every feather.

Though I spoke of the joyful evening,
I will have to change that phrase,
Although we all enjoyed ourselves,
It ended our comrade days.

I don't believe there was an ounce
Of old malice there that night;
There's never any need of it
If a man is only white.

Although a fellow gets his dues
In a way he thinks severe,
He is bound to make a soldier
If he'll only persevere.

The banquet was a thing sedate,
And with waiters there galore
Who served the courses round to us
As they glided o'er the floor.

And the fare consisted mostly
Of courses, as I have said,
And they passed the candy around
When I ate till almost dead.

And then when the feed was over
The officers spoke to us all,
From general down to noncoms,
And officers short and tall.

They spoke to us of the future,
The past and the time at hand,
Their thoughts were quite encouraging,
And will help us in our stand.

After the banquet came the dance,
For those who cared to go,
But those who didn't care to stay
Could meander to and fro.

Next morning we were mustered out,
Although anxious to be gone,
There was some miscalculating
To that lump we swallowed on.

It was like breaking up a home,
And we never realized
That we had an ingrown friendship
That we dared not criticize.

And I had thought my days of tears
Were a thing of the long past,
Although that tender spot is there,
And I think that it will last.

THE KAISER'S QUARREL

Satan and Wilhelm had a fuss,
Says Satan, "We'll have it through,
Although you've bested my cunning,
To me you have been untrue.

"You went far beyond my limit,
In this war you have construed,
Though you thought yourself quite brainy
Time has proved you're not so shrewd.

"Also, from the very beginning,
Clear up to the present time,
You have pulled off many boners
That I would myself call crime.

"You killed those innocent Belgians
And destroyed their homes and stock,
And caused the world such suffering
As would give my nerves a shock.

"You started in the beginning
All the world to domineer,
But by the God Almighty's help
You have lost your great career.

“You thought you would trick the Frenchmen
As you tricked the Belgians there,
While holding them in subjection
Until driven to despair.

“You worked Austria and Turkey, too,
And kept them under your thumb,
And like some dog with its master,
When you whistled they must come.

“While you held them in submission,
And you kept them from their peace,
Although you pretended friendship
It was only for their fleece.

“You dragged them into your service,
To help with your submarines
And all other hideous constructions
Of your life and death machines.

“And laughing you sent some sailing
In Zeppelins o’er the earth,
Once where you laughed at your sowing
I no longer hear your mirth.”

Old Wilhelm looked at the Devil,
On his face a look despair,
He said, "I'm a good old wagon
But I'll own I need repair.

"All of my physical being
Is sure shaken by the strain,
And to shoulder all my burdens
Will require another brain.

"Of my doings you have chided,
Which I do not think is fair,
For I whipped those poor old Belgians
And I caused the French despair.

"I think I should have some credit
For the wrong that I have done,
And but for those darned old Yankees
I certainly would have won.

"When I had things nicely started,
With the Allies on the run,
Along comes old America
And turns tables on the Hun.

"So it was neither fair nor square
For the world to muster in,
While they certainly cooped me up
Mid the cannon's glare and din.

"My long years of preparation
Were sure shattered by the mob,
And so, when I sprung new terrors,
The Yankees were on the job.

"The more I would try to trick them,
Then the more they seemed to hum;
The way they gained the finish
I was sure my time had come.

"I tricked the Allies every way
Any human mind could think,
And though I've bound them hand and foot
They have broken every link.

"They've torn down fortifications
Upon which I've worked for years,
When I would try to frighten them,
They would seem to have no fears."

Says Satan, "Come down from your perch,
And yet we might compromise,
Come back to earth with your chewing
And bite off a chew life size;

"For it is plain to see you've bitten
Off far more than you can chew,
And though your fever is rising
I will try to pull you through.

"But once where your big guns thundered,
And you challenged the world to come,
Then you found that you had blundered
For the world was coming some.

"Though I think that you are ruined,
As far as your honor stands,
I am willing to help you out
If the blood be on your hands.

"And all the blood shall surely be
Stamped upon your hands, you know,
For in all my deals and dealings
There's no equal down below,

“To your treachery and folly,
To your hatred of mankind,
Though I’ve got to give you credit
For no truth could sear your mind.

“In your purpose you persisted
Like a man gone fairly mad,
But the end will be your finish,
And the world will all be glad.

“Though you would insist on fighting,
In your heart you’d gone to staves,
And your subjects gone before you
To their poor, untimely graves.

“You have sent men to my portals,
You yourself shall pay the price,
Though your earthly dealings with them
Made my hell seem paradise.

“Some of the poor and wretched ones
Seem to fairly praise me here,
But some of the real old hard boils,
Like yourself, would domineer.”

The Kaiser roused from his stupor
And his chest was sunken in,
He sat his elbows on his knees
And pondered it o'er again.

Then he drew himself up slowly,
As a man of many years,
His stubborn will is returning
As he tries to drown his fears.

He roused once more for the struggle
That would name him man of men;
Although he knew not the future,
The past he knew was has been.

The future stood out before him,
Its history on earth was named,
And on the day is was christened
Was the day that Bill was lamed.

That his earthly career was ended,
Bill had known without a doubt,
And though he could not rule within
Determined to rule without.

And so angered by old Satan,
The fellow who ruled below,
Determined to strike that sector
A final and lasting blow.

And his eyes, they glare at Satan,
As he says, "I've failed on men,
After leaving earth I'm going
To rule dumb creatures again.

"Though I've failed above in battle,
Loss above means gain below,
And so when I cross your threshold
It will mean for you to go.

"With my military experience,
Though you know I have been tricked,
If the Allies hadn't doubled up
I certainly had them licked.

"So you see I will simply turn
All my knowledge loose down there;
You had better take this warning
And then get ready to repair."

The Kaiser's bluff had surely worked,
For the Devil knew him well,
And by knowing in his province
That so many Huns did dwell.

Knowing that a revolution,
Now against him by the mob,
Would be rung in very shortly
With the Kaiser on the job.

Being worried by the torture
Of the Kaiser's allies there,
He slowly turns to Bill the keys
As his voice says in despair,

"I've been ruler for many years
In this place of tortured men,
But I now leave it all to you,
Never to return again.

"But when it comes to cursedness
You're the lowest simp I know.
I hope my home is hot enough
To keep both your cheeks aglow.

“And to keep your fighting spirit
Clear up to the highest pitch,
And when you try to domineer
They will lay you in the ditch.

“And as I am leaving you now,
I shall bid you all good-by,
Although to this farewell parting
I shall ask for no reply.

“So I shall simply leave you now
With a portion of brimstone,
But in my new and future home
I shall wish to dwell alone.”

WHY THE KAISER QUIT

You wonder why, as much as I,
The Kaiser quit his throne,
But by the by, he did rely
Too much upon his own.

I have no doubt he started out
With great prospects in view.
Not being stout he got the gout,
And thought he had the flu.

He started through with mighty crew
To trample down the world,
But never knew the might of few
Until in Belgium hurled.

Though he killed them and he grilled them
They fought for freedom's right.
Though he killed them there in Belgium
They showed him of their might.

When he had swept where Belgians wept
The country free of life,
Then on he crept where France had slept,
To cause the Frenchman strife.

His blows repeat the French retreat,
But slower than at first.
Bill thinks they're beat, sees no defeat,
Although he could have cursed.

He was creeping, the world sleeping,
'Twas not as he desired.
His Gott peeping, Satan keeping
The fires of hell well fired.

The French stand pat, or nearly that,
Horrors of war are on.
He gives a pat to his old hat
And says, "Now world be gone."

And with his gas they went like grass
Before the scythe of death;
And with his brass combined with glass
Were doomed to die at breath.

All things of war he had in store
To help him on his quest,
If not before he'd have stopped war
When he arrived at Brest.

But as it was, with head abuzz,
And business he knew not,
His head of fuzz found out that 'twas
A game that all could plot.

He did real well with shot and shell
When first the war begun;
He found it hell, in which to dwell,
Before the war was done.

He bombed from air, till past repair,
The towns within his reach,
And people there died in despair,
He only laughed at each.

To those distressed, who were half dressed,
He cast a cruel eye;
Says, "I'll be blessed, you have confessed,
Begone, you beggars, die!"

His cruel hand, e'en in his land,
Was thought a taloned thing,
And his large band in his command
Were merely held by string.

Some people there, I do declare,
For some are surely white,
Have breathed fresh air, mid the stench there,
And prayed for freedom's light.

Then with the pull came Johnny Bull,
To help stop the destruction.
It was a pull till John got full—
France called that abduction.

Then Bill began and on it ran,
The sinking of our ships,
He says I'll man if I but can
The ones that don't go tips;

And then it came—now, who's to blame
For things that came to pass?
We called it shame, now Bill the same,
But he was out of class.

He sank our ships and stopped their trips
And lives and stores as well.
He sank our ships and smacked his lips,
And wished them all in hell.

He merely scoffed, with head aloft,
And says, "That Yankee truck."
Well, then he huffed, but now he's coughed,
But says it's merely luck.

We had scorned him, we had warned him,
He'd promised to be good;
When we scorned him should adorned him
With bricks right where he stood.

And with a rock, right on his block,
A mason close at hand
To hold a lock his topmost shock
Cemented to the land.

He thought us fools, or some such tools,
And he went on and on,
But with our mules mid ridicules
The U. S. boys were gone.

The Kaiser found we had not drowned
As he had said we should;
He found us round upon the ground
Where once his men had stood.

For what he'd done the Kaiser's Hun,
And all his men as well,
Had been great fun till we begun
To show him where to dwell.

Although at first the Kaiser cursed
And swore we could not do,
It was the worst he had rehearsed
When he had it to chew.

He thought awhile how to beguile
Boys there in the trenches,
They march in file or any style
Forward through the stench.

With look quite stern they never turn
Backward in a battle.
Their hearts all yearn to fairly churn
Wilhelm and his cattle.

Well they bored him, and they gored him,
They drove him to despair;
And they floored him, they abhorred him
Until he did repair.

It seemed a task but God could ask
The winning of the war,
But with the mask they won the task
As we have won before.

They fired them well, the shot and shell,
Regardless of the lost;
They gave them hell, if I must tell,
Not stopping for the cost.

They struggled on lest all be gone,
With death tools set to work,
The fight was on until the dawn
When darkness had to lurk.

They fell around upon the ground
Where Wilhelm won but naught,
But they were bound for freedom's ground
Where freedom could be wrought.

The shrapnel shrieked where comrades reeked
In agony of pain,
And their wound leaked; the Red Cross seeked
To help them not in vain.

The boys who fought are ones who've got
A glory all their own,
But have we thought in some lone spot
There many lie alone?

It breaks the heart of those who are
The loved ones of the dead.
It cheers in part that broken heart
To think of why he bled.

He died to fill the good Lord's will,
No nobler death can be;
He gave with will life's precious mill
A grist for harmony.

I can't express the preciousness
Of memories of the dead,
Should not distress the righteousness
Of those for whom he bled.

It should tender and so render
Great thoughts for those who give,
If in splendor should surrender
And do more while we live.

But the Kaiser got much wiser
Right when the Yanks stepped in,
Thought us Hizzer oversizer
And says the wars begin.

They threw it back, a heap more black
Gas he had invented,
And he felt slack—just sort of lack—
When it was presented.

And more and more the cannon's roar
Sent chills clear up his spine;
It was in store as ne'er before
This dope to make him whine.

There was the fall of Norman Hall;
Before he fell he'd made
A barrier wall to Bill quite tall
And this he would evade.

The rifles fire the Yanks' desire,
The bayonet as well;
T'was to the squire another lyre
Of music not so swell.

The hand grenade he would evade,
At least he tried his best,
But where he stayed could promenade
Although he got no rest.

But in the end had changed his blend
A milder brand he is,
I'd just pretend and never send
My name if it was his.

Well this is why or my reply
To why the Kaiser quit,
He saw as I he must comply
And do what he saw fit.

He flew about and started out
A refuge for to find;
He met a scout, a U. S. trout,
Who says, "Have you gone blind?"

He went to dwell in Holland's dell,
A place too good I vow,
He'll live a spell perhaps in hell,
I'm sure I don't know how.

THE SLACKER

Now in the world are things unfurled
Such as the Stars and Stripes;
There are men old as I've been told
Who smoke cigars and pipes.

There are men young who've oft been stung,
Thought they were the fellow;
It came to war they were no more
So were branded yellow.

And yellow means no pork and beans
For him that stayed at home,
Thinks it funny, gets no honey,
But chews upon the comb.

He thinks he's lost and without cost
His honor now at hand;
Though he wishes well himself to dwell
He's of the yellow brand.

There's him of pains who oft complains:
If real I sympathize,
But him in doubt, the guy who's stout,
Of him I criticize.

There's the fellow who is yellow,
Who was ne'er sick before,
But when drafted fever wafted
He caught the pinafore.

At least he tried to win a bride—
Means of his exemption—
But here's to her who'd marry him
Just for his redemption.

But there are those who would have chose
To have been selected;
They have my will; I trust them still,
They should be respected.

The guy I mean of crepe de chine
Who thought himself a sport,
But when asked why he looks so shy
And says, "I was too short."

There're others, too, who got quite blue,
And viewed their last remains,
But up till that under their hat
They'd never had those pains.

TIME

As I have written of the war
All the things that are in store,
From the Kaiser's throne invaded
Until he was degraded.

But I must write of peace time facts,
What time has, and what it lacks;
Now the clock has two willing hands
Lacks a voice to give commands.

But regardless of all machines
Time ne'er slacks by any means—
Yes, time goes on the whole day through—
Is not run by human crew.

No human mind can e'er command
Time that passes o'er the land,
Though people live all kinds of lives
Time is for him that survives.

And whether their lives are cheery,
Or be their paths quite dreary;
Every day does the time pass on,
There's the dark and there's the dawn.

Days they come, and days have gone,
Time just passes on and on,
You cannot beat time if you would,
Compromise is understood.

Though time may have a funny face,
Knows just how to keep its place,
T'was never known to interfere,
But time lost is very dear.

Though time abides in all this land
'Tis not run by human hand;
Higher power although unseen,
Has sole rule of time machine.

The only way we can abate,
Be there early don't be late,
Yes, always try and be on time,
Lateness is our greatest crime.

Why do it now? To-day is best,
Future dreams just call for rest,
Some day I believe that I'll try
Will do for days long gone by.

That is a phrase we must not use
Upon its bounds we can but loose.
Just start to-day as I have said,
'Tis to-day our hopes are fed.

Our futures are a promise now,
Ways are clear we must find how;
Just figure what your life is for
Many people go ashore.

They know what they would like the best,
Always have lived lives distressed;
'Twas just because they thought some day
They'd change jobs for better pay.

But that motto of future date
Is a thing I surely hate,
I've practiced it for many years
And I know it domineers.

Self-confidence is what we need,
Self-consciousness is poor seed;
And so many lives been wasted,
For failure they have tasted.

Their lives are spent so many times—
Lives that have for them no chimes—
Same old place where their fathers dwelled,
Same old job their fathers held.

The farmer's life looks good to me—
Eats they have the harmony.
Many folks are trying to do
Jobs to which they can't prove true.

Other jobs if but alive,
Many failures could but thrive,
So many people fear the test
Petting resources to the best.

They fear the ridicule of men,
Go back to old jobs again,
Sink into the same old rut—
Live in only God knows what.

I started out to write on time,
Told the cause of seeming crime.
Too many feel the way is lost,
And wouldn't stick at any cost.

While they themselves are but to blame,
Aiming with too high an aim,
Building their castles far too high,
Falling down and shattered lie.

Poverty, too, has kept man down;
Tries to live in some small town,
And lives each day from hand to mouth
E'en his work is stopped by drouth.

And money is what all adore,
Those that have it want some more,
All people seem to crave it so,
Some that get it won't let go.

They freeze to it like so much lead,
They'll let go when they are dead,
Some other one will have it then,
Other than our old friend Ben.

So after all the joy of life
Is wrought through our every strife,
The poor are happy as can be
When not in dire poverty.

Although some rich enjoy their stores
Common wealth lives best indoors
It makes a fireside far more bright
Sheltering inmates through the night.

I've changed my subject now and then
Telling of time and of men,
Told of things as appeared to me,
Summed them up to my degree.

Perhaps the thoughts of others run
Back to days of Washington;
The people lived more common then—
Made the world what it has been.

This brings me back to time once more,
Brings thoughts of that old-time war;
Forefathers fought for a free land,
Greater time than now at hand.

I'll close this little theme of mine,
Pull up on the finish line;
Although I've done my very best
Think that I had better rest.

THE FORD

The Ford goes rambling down the street,
 'Tis a very pleasant sight,
Did you ever see its beat
 For its keeping to the right.

Yes, it is always on the right
 When it's not upon the wrong,
And you can crank with all your might
 Especially if you're strong.

The radiator leaks a bit,
 And the water runs right through,
You start right out to hit the grit
 But quite soon you're feeling blue.

Well, now, a leaky radiator
 Is a thing I do detest,
But there are other parts as bad
 When I think of all the rest.

There's the punctures and the blowouts
 Just confined to tires alone,
They serve to put one on the outs,
 And ask for a bigger loan.

The carbureter is so nice
 You dare not touch the trigger,
Just keep your hands off it says twice
 And wait till you are bigger.

The wind shield is the only part
 That has ever bothered me,
But once the engine broke its heart—
 Through its tears I could not see.

The best part of my Ford, I think,
 Was the dear old exhaust pipe;
For it exhausted all my chink
 Amid all the tears I'd wipe.

And yes, there was the cushion, too,
 T'was better than cranking ground;
And it was bound to see one through
 Whenever the wheels went round.

Have criticized the little Ford—
 I am sorry that I did—
The maker of that little Ford
 Must have brains under his lid.

